

I Painted Your House

Oh No Oh My

I painted your house
To pretty up the town
I know what it's like
When we're caught between a crowd

I know you feel alone
Perhaps it's time we grow
Get out on your own
To build a better Rome

Run, head for the hills
And bundle up the kids
We're planning a plot
And praying that our luck
Gets better

I'm piling up my plates
Counting what I've ate
Because I've got places to go
And I need to fit my clothes

I'm grabbing at straws
And bringing you along
Time can tell its tales
And I only half as well

As long as I'm this far
My face won't play the part
Or fit into the mold
To do what I've been told
I painted your house
To pretty up the town
I try to be good
But all I do is wrong

I know you feel alone
Perhaps it's time we grow
And get out on your own
Build a better Rome

I've been on the road
Trying to make a start
And all my pretty things
They just fall apart
But now I'm coming home
And bringing my guitar
I let slip a god
It's nothing that I want